Pre-Condom Features!

COLOR ME

DOCTOR DAWN

15

What is crimethink?

Why I Love Shoplifting

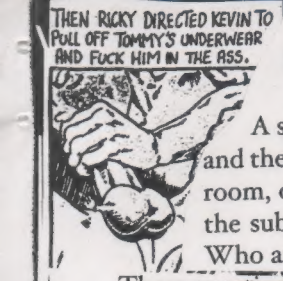
from big corporations

AN INTRODUCTI TO THE IDEA THINKING F YOURSL

Today, everyth that can't be bou sold, or fake crimeth

Discontents

EDIT



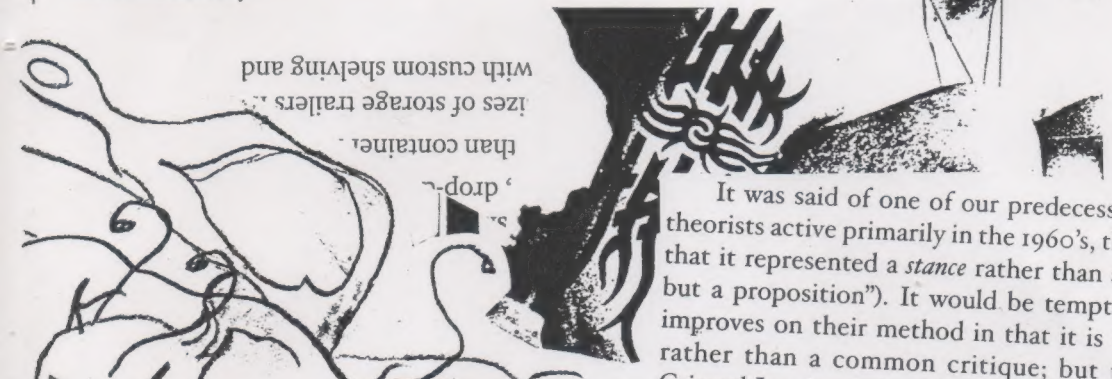
Preface:
What is a "CrimethInc."?

A spectre is haunting the world today: the spectre of crimethink, and the underground front which heralds it. In every corporate washroom, on every street corner, under every roof from the ghettoes to the suburbs you can hear the whispers: "What is this CrimethInc.? Who are they? What do they want?"

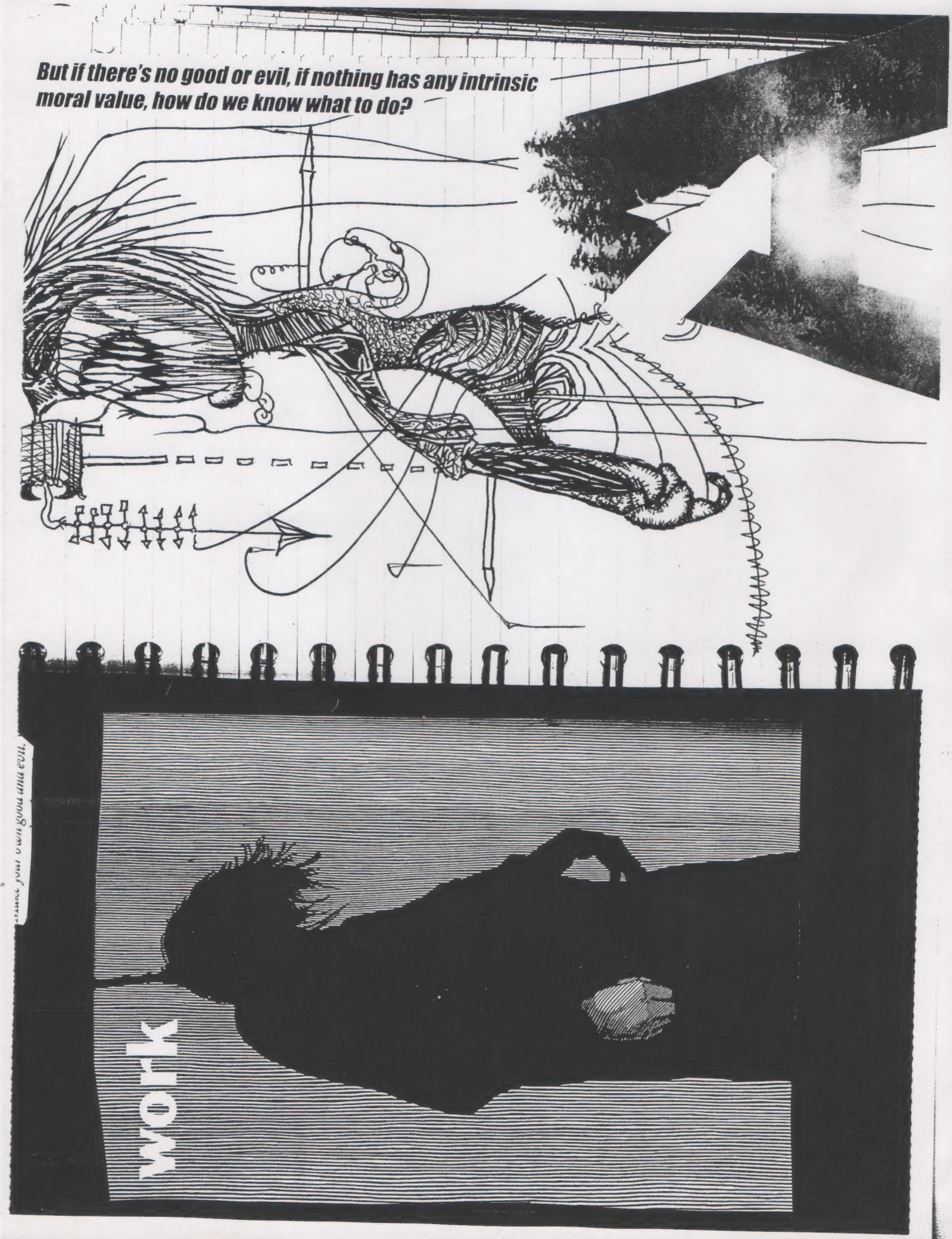
These questions can be approached, if not answered. CrimethInc. is significant for what it is *not:* it is not a membership organization. It is not an elitist vanguard that purports to lead the masses out of darkness to salvation—experience has shown a thousand times that such parties are the social forces that *create* masses. And it is not a Movement, either: for such things only exist as a part of history, and as such are subject to its laws—gestation, ascendance, decline. As crimethink is a force that exists beneath the currents of history, outside the chain of events, CrimethInc. is the first stirrings of a revolt that will take us all *out* of history.

CrimethInc. is invincible because it is centerless, amoebic, invisible. Who is CrimethInc.? It could be anyone—the woman on the bus next to you could be one of us. Perhaps an autonomous CrimethInc. nucleus is at play in your town as you read this; perhaps *you* will form one when you're finished reading. Because CrimethInc. is an expression of longings that are in every heart, it could be just three travelers in an Italian hostel tonight and two hundred thousand independent cells in full blown insurrection next month.

As for what we want—you'd have to ask each of us, one by one and hopefully you know better than to trust people when they answe *that* question.



It was said of one of our predecessors, a body of ex-artists and theorists active primarily in the 1960's, that their group was unique in that it represented a *stance* rather than an ideology ("not a position, but a proposition"). It would be tempting to say that CrimethInc. improves on their method in that it is founded on a shared desire, rather than a common critique; but this also misses the mark. CrimethInc. is a web of desires, all unique to the individuals who feel them; what sets CrimethInc. apart is that it is a means of *interlocking* these desires, of creating mutually beneficial relationships between people with different needs. This is why we have the bureaucrats and entrepreneurs, whose very existence depends on our isolation and frustration, shaking in their loafers. This is how we have come to be the ones to fire the first shots of the third and final world war, the war which will be fought for total liberation.


But if there's no good or evil, if nothing has any intrinsic moral value, how do we know what to do?
MORK
...make your own good and evil.

BEWARE

Protect Yourself

Armed bands are roaming the highways and marching through your neighborhood. They may even try to enter your home! Watch for these gang identifiers:

Morality has been justified externally for so long that today we hardly know how to conceive of it in any other way.

These gangs are highly organized, well armed, and potentially violent. Warn your friends and neighbors

BUT SHORTLY AFTER, AS I WATCHED FROM THE SHADOWS, I SAW...

TYPICAL GANG

Vehicles: Sports cars, four-door sedans, and vans, often painted black and white or blue and white, with sirens and flashing red and blue lights.

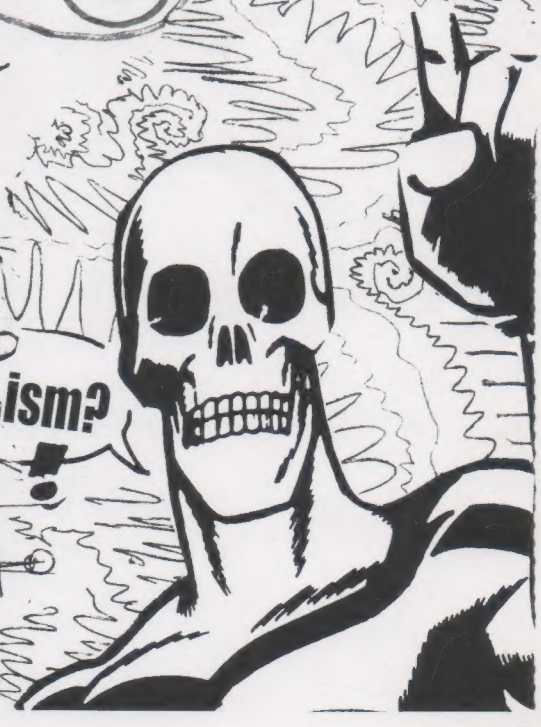
Clothing: Well kempt dress uniforms, usually blue or black (gang colors), and adorned with patches and badges. Head-wear varies. Other accessories include gun belts, handcuffs, hand-held radios, and large flashlights.

Armaments: Handguns, shotguns, assault rifles, tear-gas rifles, billy clubs, shields, bullet-proof armor, helmets and face-shields.

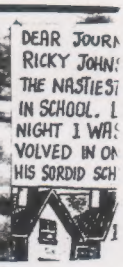
Demeanor: Surly and hostile or aggressively friendly

Do Not Provoke Them!

Do Not Let Them Corner You!



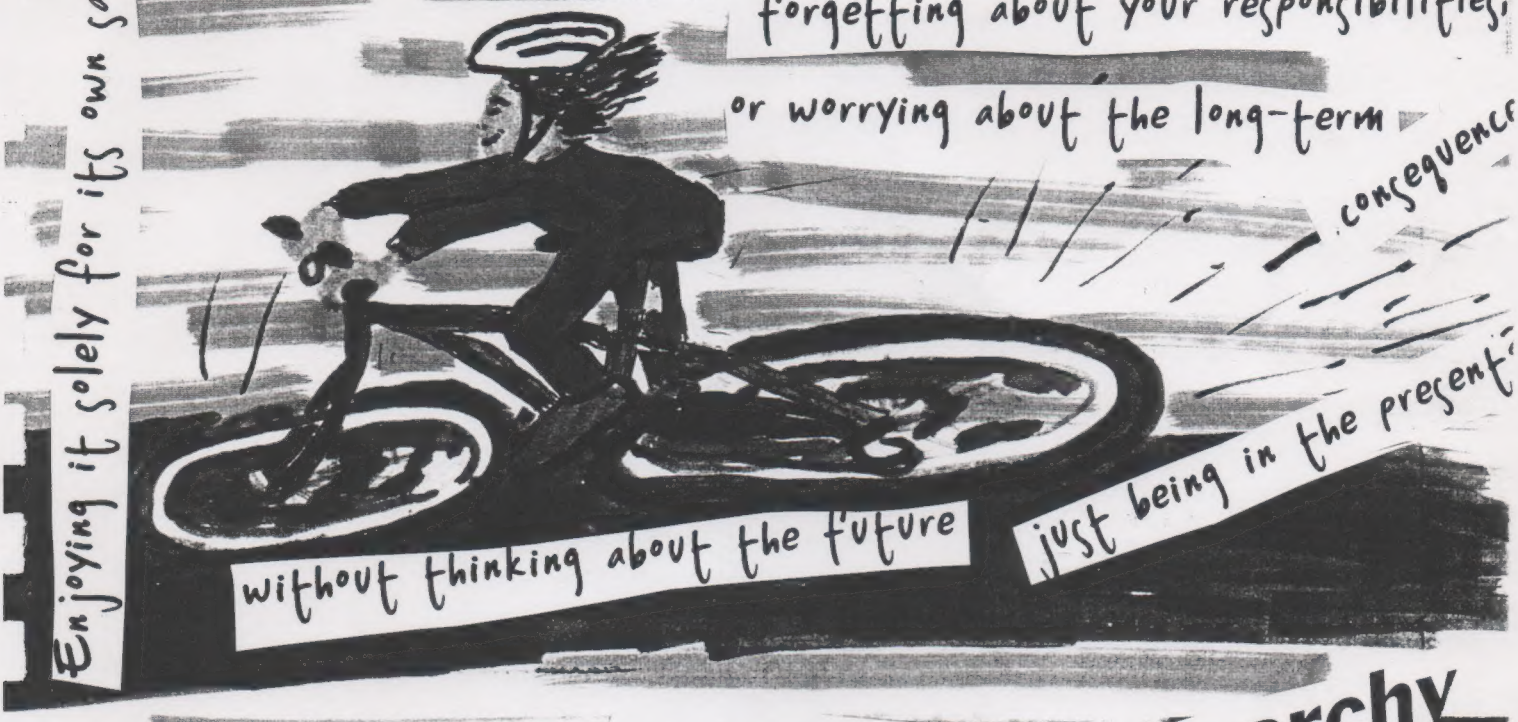
Junior Jock Jack-off Jizz Juice Journal



Honestly, when was the last time you spent a whole day just enjoying what you were doing and feeling? When was the last time you spent a whole month living that way?

Do you have a hard time forgetting about your responsibilities, or worrying about the long-term consequence

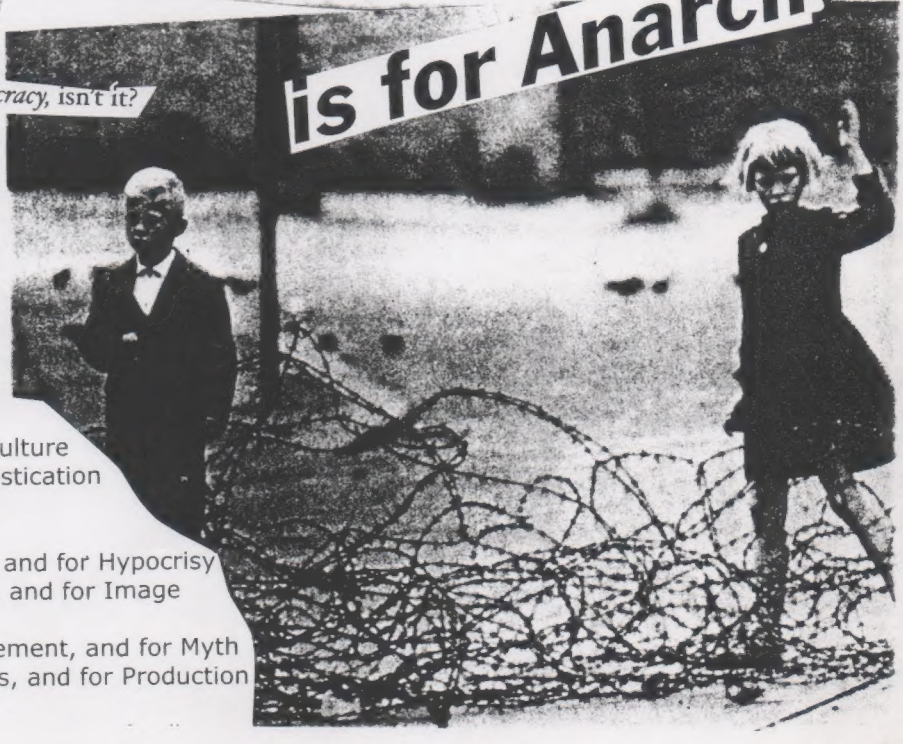
Enjoying it solely for its own sake, without thinking about the future just being in the present?



is for Anarchy

Capitalism. That's like *democracy*, isn't it?

A is for Anarchy
B is for the Bourgeoisie
C is for Capitalism, and for Culture
D is for Death, and for Domestication
F is for Freedom
G is for Gender
H is for History, for Hygiene, and for Hypocrisy
I is for Identity, for Ideology, and for Image
L is for Love
M is for their Media, for Movement, and for Myth
P is for Plagiarism, for Politics, and for Production
S is for Sex, and for Space



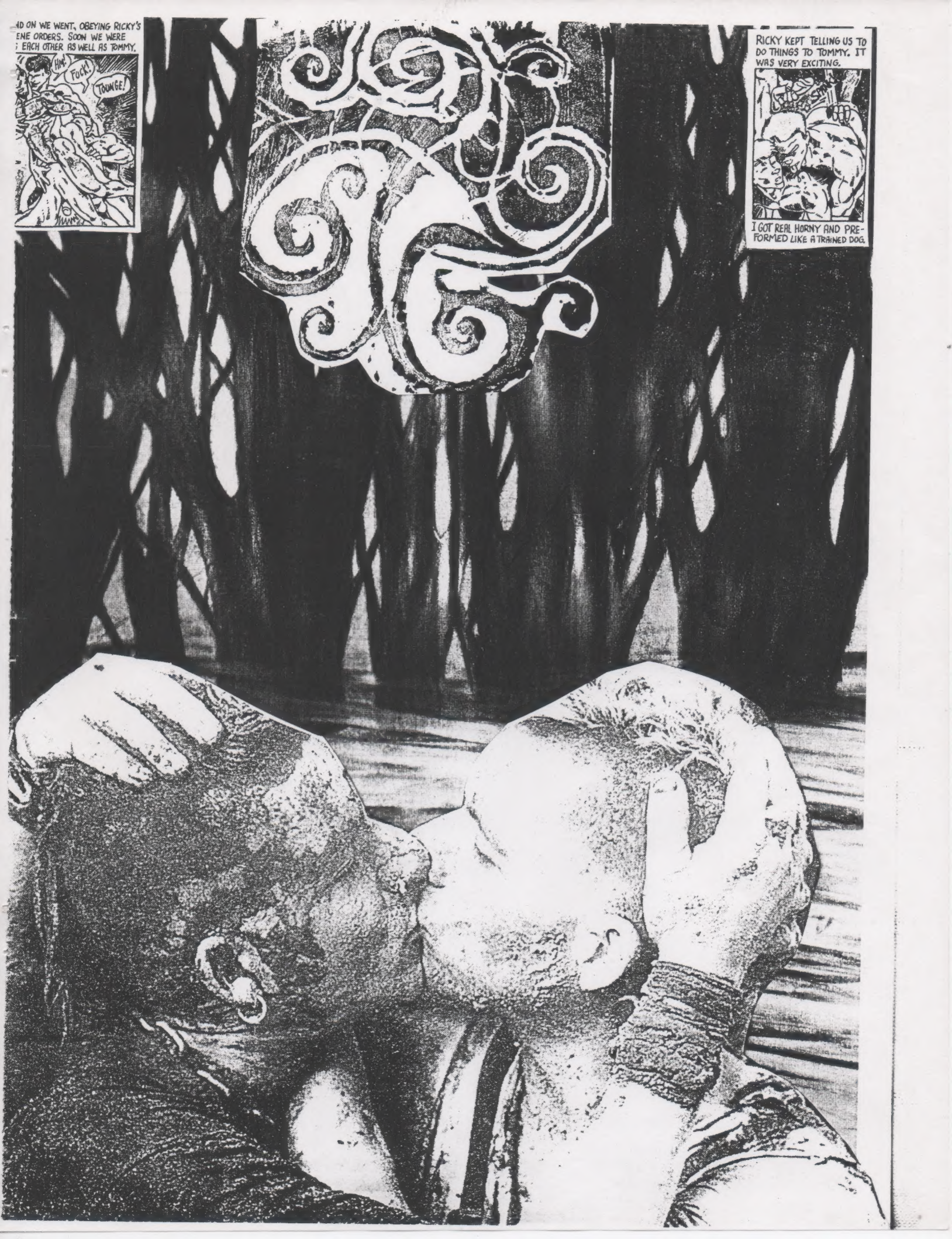
WHITE BREAD—THE STAFF OF LIFE.
SO...
WE KNOW WE AIN'T FAGS, BUT IF THE GUYS FOUND OUT..
...MR. CORK QUIETLY LEAVE! HE THANKED RICKY FOR A VERY GOOD SHOW.
NOW I KNOW HOW RIC GETS "A"S IN CHEMIST

JUNE SUMMER SOLSTICE LONG DAYS COOL SPLASH SUBMERGED ENVELOPED BY LIQUID REFRESHMENT AAHHH, NAKED PEOPLE, NAKED? NOT IF WE ARE WEARING OUR SKIN. NUDE, BEAUTIFUL. WHAT ABOUT REVOLUTION? REVOLVING? OF COURSE, ON COURSE, CASCADING. FREE CASCADIA. FREE MOM. EARTH. DON'T LIBERATE ME I'LL DO IT MYSELF, ANONYMOUS. WRIST ROCK - ET HOME MADE STYLE JUST DON'T TELL ME WHERE LENNIN'S 3 MUSTACHE HAIRS ARE HIDDEN. THERE IS, INSTANTLY? AT LEAST CHAOS, MY LOVERS AND I. DUDE, YO, IT'S ALL FULLY TIGHT. ANYWAY? I AM SOMETIMES NOT S EXUALLY AROUSED, SOMETIMES MY PEN IS NOT FULLY ERECT, FILLED WITH BLOOD AND VIRILE.

WHY SHOULD I ALWAYS BE READY AND WILLING TO FORNICATE?

SOME TIME S I'M NOT. FUCK MALE PRIDE. I WILL MAKE LOVE WHEN AND HOW AND IF I WANT TO. SLEEPING MY LIFE AWAY? ARE WE SLEEPING OUR LIVES AWAY? EVEN IF WE NEVER REST? WHAT IF I'M ALIVE AND AWAKE IN MY DREAMS? AND WHEN I'M NOT VERY ALIVE OR AWAKE IN LIFE? WAKE UP AND LIVE EVEN YOUR DREAMS AND RESTFULNESS

TOMMY SHOT LAST.


AD ON WE WENT, OBEYING RICKY'S
ENE ORDERS. SOON WE WERE
EACH OTHER AS WELL AS TOMMY.
HM.
FUCK!
TOUNGE!
RICKY KEPT TELLING US TO DO THINGS TO TOMMY. IT WAS VERY EXCITING.
I GOT REAL HORNY AND PRE-FORMED LIKE A TRAINED DOG.

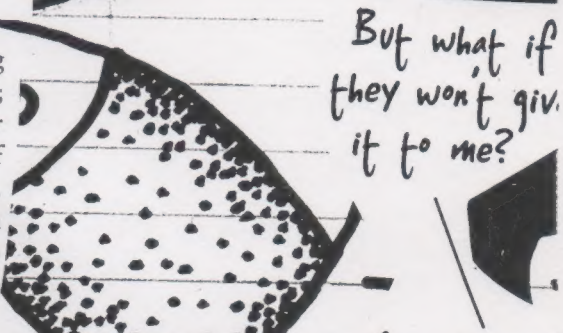
So, to protect ourselves from the superstitions of the moralists and the trickery of the evangelists, let us be done with the idea of moral law. Let us step forward into a new era, in which we will make values of our own rather than accepting moral laws out of fear and obedience. Let this be our new creed:

Nothing compares to the feeling of elation, of burdens being lifted and constraints escaped, that I feel when I walk out of a corporate store with their products in my pockets. In a world where everything already belongs to someone else, where I am expected to sell away my life at work in order to get the money to pay for the minimum I need to survive, where I am surrounded by forces beyond my control or compr hension that obviously are not concerned about my needs or welfar it is a way to carve out a little piece of the world for myself—to a back upon a world that acts so much upon me.

It is an entirely different sensation than the one I feel when I bu something. When I pay for something, I'm making a trade; I'm offe ing the money that I bought with my labor, my time, and my creati ity for a product or service that the corporation wouldn't share wi

[9] In a love relationship, conversely, people usually think of themselves as benefiting from giving to others, and vice versa.

me under any other circumstances. In a sense, we have a relationship based on violence: we negotiate an exchange not according to our respect or concern for each other, but according to the forces that we can bring to bear on each other. Supermarkets know they can charge me a dollar for bread because I will starve if I do not buy it; they know they can't charge me four dollars, because I will buy it somewhere else. So our interaction revolves around unspoken threats, rather than love, and I am forced to give up something of my own to get anything from them[9].



Everything changes when I shoplift. I'm no longer negotiating with faceless, inhuman entities that have no concern for my welfare; instead, I'm taking what I need without giving anything up. I no longer feel like I am being forced into an exchange, and I no longer feel as if I have no control over the way the world around me dictates my life. I no longer have to worry about whether the pleasure I receive from the book I purchased was equal to the two hours of labor it cost me to be able to afford it. In these and a thousand other ways, shoplifting makes me feel liberated and empowered. Let's examine what shoplifting has to offer as an alternative way of consuming.

The shoplifter wins her prize by taking risks, not by exchanging a piece of her life for it. Life for her is not something that must be sold away for seven or eight dollars an hour in return for survival; it is something that is hers because she takes it for herself, because she lays claim to it. In stark contrast to the law-abiding consumer, the means by which she acquires goods is as exciting as the goods themselves; and this means is also, in many ways, more praiseworthy.

Shoplifting is a refusal of the exchange economy. It is a denial that people deserve to eat, live, and die based on how effectively they are able to exchange their labor and capital with others. It is a denial that a monetary value can be ascribed to everything, that having a piece of delicious chocolate in your mouth is worth exactly fifty cents or that an hour of one person's life can really be worth ten dollars more than that of another person. It is a refusal to accept the capitalist system, in which workers have to buy back the products of their own labor at a profit to the owners of capital, who get them coming and going.

Shoplifting says *NO* to all the objectionable features that have come to characterize the modern corporation. It is an expression of discontent with the low wages and lack of benefits that so many exploiting corporations force their employees to suffer in the name of company profits. It is a refusal to pay for low quality products that have been designed to break or wear out soon in order to force consumers buy more. It is a refusal to fund environmental damage that so m corporations perpetrate heartlessly the course of manufacturing th products and building new stores refusal to support the corporatic that run private, local businesses ir bankruptcy, a refusal to accept t

murder of animals in the meat and dairy industries and the exploitation of migrant labor in the fruit and vegetable industries. Shoplifting makes a statement against the alienation of the modern consumer. "If we are not able to find or afford any products other than these, that were made a thousand miles from us and about which we can know nothing," it asserts, "then we refuse to pay for these."

The shoplifter attacks the cynical mind control tactics of modern advertising. Today's commercials, billboards, even the floor-layouts and product displays in stores are designed by psychologists to manipulate potential consumers into purchasing products. Corporations carry out extensive advertising campaigns to insinuate their exhortations to consumption into every mind, and even work to make their products into status symbols that people from some walks of society eventually *must* own in order to be accorded respect. Faced with this kind of manipulation, the law-abiding consumer has two choices: either to come up with the money to purchase these products by selling his life away as a wage laborer, or to go without and possibly invite public ridicule as well as private frustration. The shoplifter creates a third choice of her own: she takes the products she has been conditioned to desire without paying for them, so the corporations themselves must pay for all of their propagandizing and mind control tactics.

Shoplifting is the most effective protest against all these objectionable attributes of modern corporations because it is not merely theoretical—it is practical, it involves action. Verbal protests can be raised to irresponsible business practices without ever having any solid effect, but shoplifting is intrinsically damaging these corporations at the same time as it (however covertly) demonstrates dissatisfaction. It is better than a boycott, because not only does it *cost* the corporation money rather than just denying it profit, it also means that the shoplifter is still able to obtain the products, which she may need to survive. And in these days when so many corporations are interconnected, and so many multinationals are involved in unacceptativity, shoplifting is a generalized protest: it is a refusal to put ar into the economy at all, so the shoplifter can be sure that none cash will ever end up in the hands of the corporations she disap of. In addition to that, she will have to work less for them, as

But what about the people in the corporations? What about their welfare? First of all, corporations are distinct from traditional private businesses in that they exist as separate financial entities from their owners. So the shoplifter is stealing from a non-human entity, not directly from the pocket of a human being. Second, since so many workers are paid set wages (minimum wage, for example) that depend more on how little the corporation can get away with paying rather than on how much profit it is making, the shoplifter is not really hurting most of the workforce at any given company either. The stockholders, who are almost always far richer than your average thief, are the ones who stand to lose a little if the company suffers significant losses; but realistically, no campaign of shoplifting could be intense enough to force any of the wealthy individuals who profit from these companies into poverty. Besides, modern corporations have money set aside for shoplifting losses, because they anticipate them. That's correct—these corporations are aware that there is enough dissatisfaction with them and their capitalist economy that people are going to steal from them remorselessly. In that sense, shoplifters are just playing their role in society, just like C.E.O.s. More significantly, these corporations are cynical enough to go about their business as usual, even though they know this leaves many of their customers (and employees!) ready to steal anything from them that they can. If

they are willing to continue doing business in this way even when they are aware how many people it alienates, they should not be surprised that people continue stealing from them.

And as for the myth that shoplifting drives prices up for consumers: you don't think the prices you're paying are actually determined just by the costs of making and distributing the products, do you? Again, these corporations are charging you as much as they think they can get away with. The market, not their expenses, determines the prices. If the money they set aside for shoplifting losses doesn't get used, the owners are more likely to keep it for themselves or invest it in opening more shops (and thus running more independent businesses out of the market) than to share any of it with their much poorer employees, let alone pass it along to the consumer in decreased prices. If enough products were shoplifted from a corporate store that they had to raise their prices, that would drive customers out of their clutches and into less globally harmful local shops, anyway—does that sound so bad?

Shoplifting is more than a way to survive in the cutthroat competition of the "free market" and protest corporate injustices. It is also a different orientation to the world and life in general.

The shoplifter makes do with an environment that has been conquered by capitalism and industry, where everything has become private property and there is no longer a natural world from which to gather resources, without accepting it or the absurd way of life it entails. She takes her life into her own hands by applying an ancient method to the problem of modern survival: she lives by urban hunting and gathering. In this way she is able to live much as her distant ancestors did before the world was subjugated by technology, imperialism, and the irrational demands of the "free" market; and she can find the same challenges and rewards in her work, rewards that are lost to the rest of us today. For her, the world is as dangerous and as exciting as it was to prehistoric humanity: every day she is in new situations, confronting new risks, living by her wits in a constantly changing environment. For the law-abiding consumer, chances are that every day at work is similar to the last one, and danger is as sorely lacking in life as meaning and purpose are.

To shoplift is to affirm immediate, bodily desires (such as hunger) over abstract "ethics" and other such ethereal constructs, most of which are left over from a deceased Christianity anyway. Shoplifting divests the commodity (and the marketplace in general) of the mythical power it seems to have to control the lives of consumers . . . when commodities are seized by force, they show themselves for what they are: merely resources that have been held by force by these corporations at the expense of everyone else. Shoplifting places us back in the physical world, where things are real, where things are nothing more than their physical characteristics (weight, taste, ease of acquisition) and are not invested with superstitious qualities such as "market value" and "profit margin." It forces us to take risks and experience life firsthand again. Perhaps shoplifting alone will not be able to overthrow industrial society or the capitalist system . . . but in the meantime it is one of the best forms of protest and self-empowerment, and one of the most practical, too!

RICKY POSITIONED HIS ASS OVER TOMMY'S FACE AND SAT DOWN! HE SAID HE WOULDN'T GET OFF UNTIL TOMMY RIMMED HIM! TOMMY DID, BUT RICKY STAYED WHERE HE WAS!!

There is no universal moral code that should dictate human behavior. There is no such thing as good

Our values and morals come from us and belong to us whether we like it or not, so we should claim them proudly for ourselves, as our own creations, rather than seeking some external justification for them.

The gods die twice—

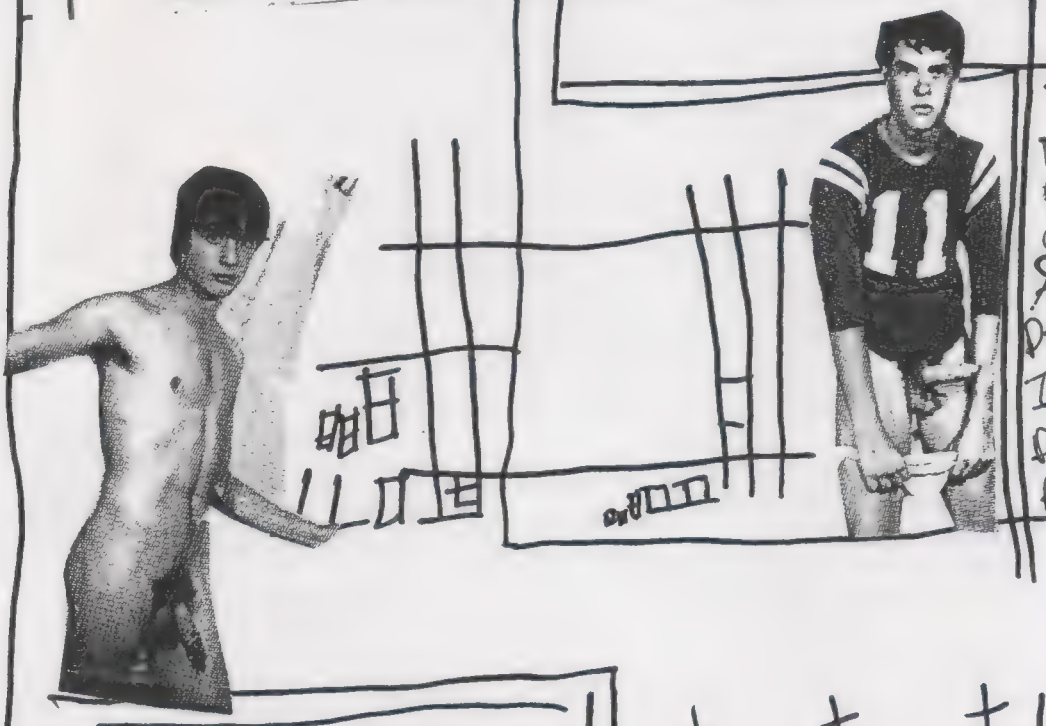
—once in heaven, once on earth.

NO GODS NO MASTER

You Really Want $ $ $ Fear and Desire

I HAVE ALWAYS LIVED A LIFE WHERE PEOPLE ARE PROVIDING ME WITH COMFORTS SECURITIES WANTS AND NEEDS. I HAVE LIVED AN ILLUSION OF PERMANENCY OF THE EASES AND CONVENI THEY ARE NOT TRUTOH BECAUSE ANYTHING UNPLANNED CAN HAP AT ANY TIME AND DESTROY THESE ILLUSIONS, PEOPLE DIE HOUSES BURNDO PEOPLE GO BROKE, I AMOUNT OF PLANN CAN GIVE US AS THING IN LIFE NOT EVEN GOI CAN GIVE US TRU WE DO NOT HAVE CONTROL OVER TH FORCES THAT FE AND SHELTER US IF WE THINK WE WE ARE LIVING ILLUSION, BUT WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT TRUTH?

Some misunderstand the claim that we should pursue our own desires to be mere hedonism.



A Summary of the World

If we could shrink the Earth's population to a village of precisely 100 people ..... with all existing human ratios, it would look like this:

There would be 57 Asians, 21 Europeans, 14 from the Western Hemisphere (North and South) and 8 Africans.

51 would be female; 49 would be male;
70 would be nonwhite; 30 white.
70 would be non-christian; 30 Christian.

50% of the entire world's wealth would be in the hands of only 6 people and all 6 would be citizens of the United States.
80 would live in substandard housing.

70 would be unable to read.
50 would suffer from malnutrition.

1 would be near death, 1 would be near birth.

Only 1 would have a college education.
No one would own a computer.

I PRETENDED NOT TO NOTICE. I WAS SO HOT I DIDN'T CARE.

What is capitalism, anyway?

EMPTY V. ©

I'm angry!!! We chose to go by the system!

We played by the rules!

We sold out!

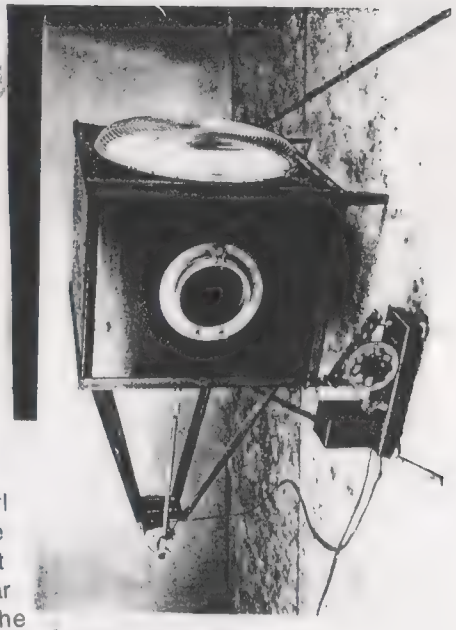
We bought in!

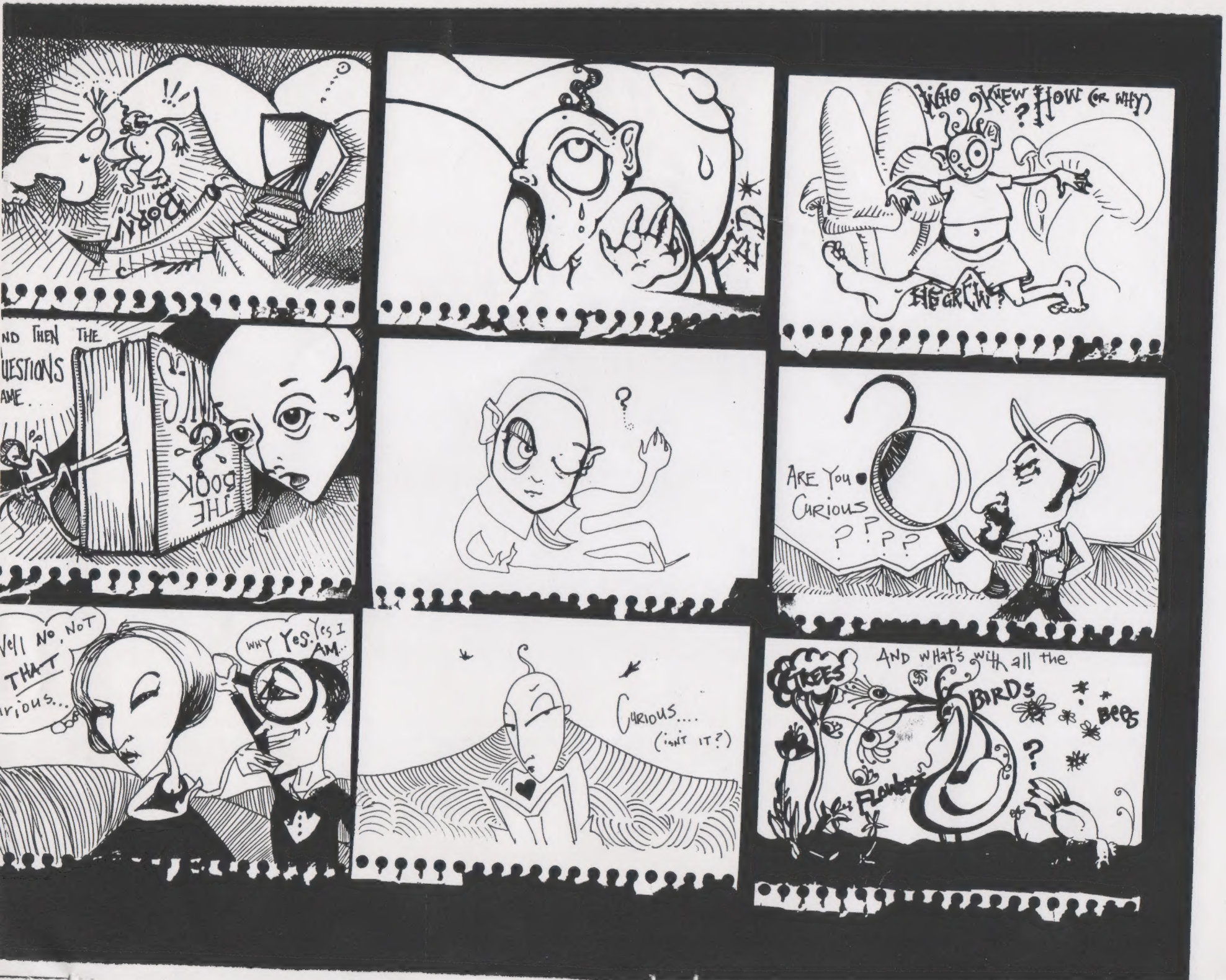
Now we RAMPAGE!

I RODE TOMMY LIKE AN ANIMAL AND FINALLY SHOT INSIDE HIS NUBILE YOUNG ASS!

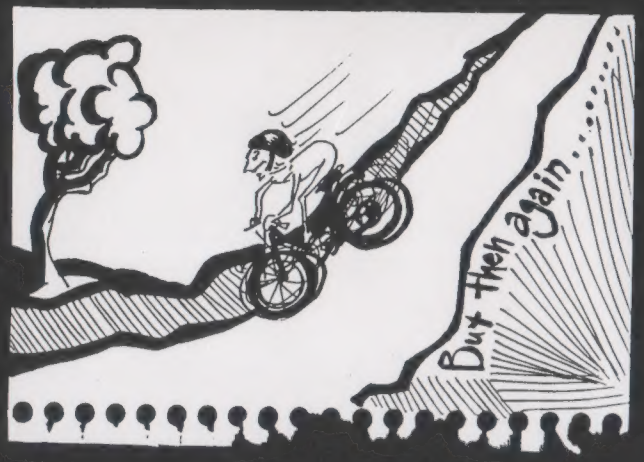
CRIMETHINC. FINISHES THE JOB FOR DADA

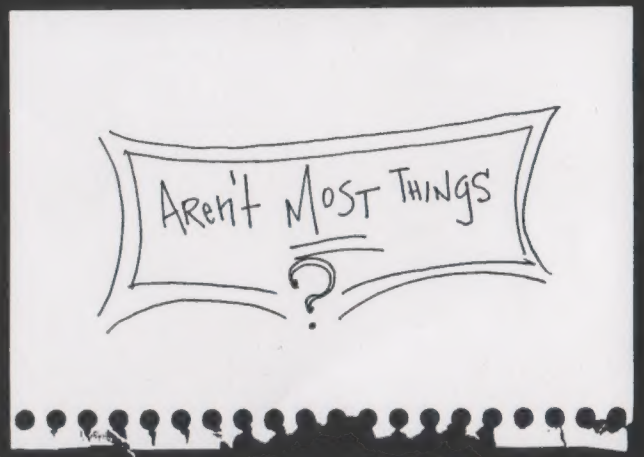
F. Markatos Dixon, member of the Paul F. Maul Artists' Group, entered his latest project, the Sub-Sub-Contra-Bass-Blaster, in a prestigious Manhattan art exhibition. The Sub-Sub-Contra-Bass-Blaster is an enormous apparatus that functions as a kind of homemade speaker, which emits the lowest frequencies of sound audible to humans. At opening night, when celebrities and critics from all over New York had gathered to sip champagne and swap literary references at the gallery, the proprietor asked Dixon to demonstrate his creation. When it was switched on, the deep tones of the 'Blaster ripped it loose from its poorly constructed base, and sent it leaping and staggering around the gallery, paparazzi and starlets fleeing in terror before it. It smashed from wall to wall, decimating most of the sculptures and paintings in the room (for an estimated total damage of some $240,000), and was able to chase almost the entire public in attendance (with the exception of Dixon, who stood aside, laughing hysterically) into the street, thanks to a built-in power generator, before finally shaking itself into pieces which lay vibrating on the sidewalk before a crowd of horrified onlookers. Dixon grabbed the tray of cookies off the buffet table and disappeared out the back door, turning up later only to 'dissuade' the gallery owners from pressing charges—and inquire about his commission. €





BORN
WHO KNEW HOW (OR WHY)
HEGREW?
ND THEN THE
UESTIONS
AME...
THE BOOK
ARE YOU CURIOUS ????
Well NO, NOT THAT
rious...
WHY YES. YES I AM...
CURIOUS.... (ISN'T IT?)
AND WHAT'S WITH all the
TREES
BIRDS
BEES
FLOWERS


But then again...


Aren't MOST THINGS
?

U.S. Military U238 MASSACRE
URANIUM
VICTIMS HANGING FROM MEAT HOOKS
THEIR LIMBS CUT FREE WITH
CHAINSAWS WHILE THEY
ARE STILL ALIVE
DECAPITATED, MUTILATED, TORTURED
SLAUGHTERED AT THE TORTURE HOUSE
BODIES IN THE RIVER
THE SLAUGHTERERS
AND URANIUM ROUNDS FOR THE GULF
AND US MILITARY AID FOR COLOMBIA
MAFIRIPAN

I WAS ALMOST CAUGHT READING IT BY MR. CORK THE SCIENCE INSTRUCTOR HE'S A TOTAL FASCIST.

BARKING DOGS 598190 MAKE NOISE

Grey the walls
Grey the streets
Grey the children
as they sleep
Grey the foxes
Grey the sheep
Grey our spirits
we don't weep

Product is the *Excrement* of Action.

OR MAYBE IM SCRATCH PAPER

. . .

or maybe I just cut up Days of Rage Nights of Love and republished it with some pretty pictures I drew.